

1609 / 5766

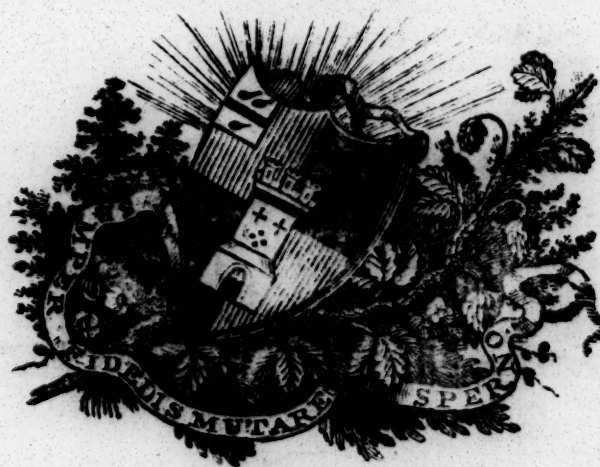
WORCESTER
MUSIC MEETING. X

A
Grand
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT,

AT THE
COLLEGE-HALL.

ON THURSDAY, Oct. 2,

1800.



WORCESTER:

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1609 / 5766.





GRAND
MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

ACT I.

OVERTURE IN ARIADNE.—*Handel.*



SCENA,—MR. NIELD.
Andreozzi.

RECITATIVO.

IN mezzo all'armi fo che invito
Sprezzando sùragi, periglio, e mortè,
Io ti vedrei valoroso pagnar ;
Tornar dal campo
Vincitor de nemici : ed or t'arresta
Or spaventa quel core,
Breve follia, vano poter d'amore ?
Ah ! ritorno in te stesso,
Segui il camin ch' ora il destin t'adita,
E de grandi avi tuoi l'esempio imita.

4

ARIA.

Ah! quel anima che sdegna;
 Paventar orror di morte,
 Or d' amor fra le ritorte,
 Non trattenga un vil timor.
 Dolce amico in tal momento,
 Cela il duolo, il pianto affrena,
 Ho pietà della sua pena,
 Compatite il suo dolor.

SONG,—MISS TENNANT.

Bach.

CARA sposa amata figlia
 Non temete in tal momento
 Pien di spè me al grancì mento
 Vo di Roma à Trion far.

CONCERTO, BASSOON. *Holmes*

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

(Harmonized by SIG. RAUZINNI.)

MASTER ELLIOTT. *Miss Tennant*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rife all the breathing spring.



3 *Voc.* No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

MASTER ELLIOTT.

The red-breast oft' at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid,

3 *Voc.* Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd 'till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd 'till Pity's self be dead.

SOLO, VIOLIN.

ARIA,—MADAME MARA.

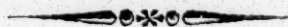
Giordaniello.

TU l'alma mia non vedi
 Tu non mi leggi il core
 Barbara, tu mi credi
 Ne' intende il mio penar.

[B]

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In qual cimento io sono
Che fiero caso è il mio
Tacer non posso oh Dio
Non posso oh Dio parlar.



CONCERTO, CLARIONET.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



AIR, MR. NIELD, AND CHORUS.

Purcell.

COME, if you dare,
Our trumpets found :
Come, if you dare,
The foes rebound.
We come, we come,
Says the double beat
Of the thund'ring drum.


Now they charge on amain :
Now they rally again ;
The gods from above
The mad labour behold ;
And pity mankind,
That will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons
Quit their ground :
Their trumpets languish
In the found.
They fly ! they fly !
 Victoria !
The bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run :
Then return to our lasses,
Like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils
Of the vanquish'd invaders.

ACT II.

FIFTH GRAND CONCERTO.—*Handel.*



AIR, (*SOLOMON.*)—MASTER ELLIOT.

WHAT though I trace each herb and flow'r
That drinks the morning dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew!




CONCERTO, OBOE. *Boye*

SONG.—MR. BARTLEMAN.

INDIAN QUEEN.—PURCELL.

ARISE! ye subterraneous winds,
More to distract their guilty minds:
Come drive these wretches to that part o' th' Isle
Where nature never, never yet did smile;
Cause fogs and damps, whirlwinds and earthquakes there,
There let them howl and languish in despair:
Rise, and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' air!



PRIZE GLEE.

Wm. Knyvett.

THREE VOICES.

WHEN the fair rose, amidst her flow'ry train,
 With virgin blushes greets the dewy morn,
 Say, will th' enamour'd nightingale remain
 A lonely warbler on the desert thorn?

When the dark genii of the night
 Behold the moon flow rising o'er the wave,
 Those wayward spirits curse the beauteous light,
 And hide with envy in her gloomy cave.

Yet shall the trav'ler with enraptur'd eye,
 As late he treads his solitary way,
 O'erlook each radiant gem that decks the sky,
 Alone rejoicing in her brighter ray.

SCENA,—MADAME MARA.

Anfossi.

RECITATIVO.

ALL' Amor mio quest atto illustre,
 Io deggio ed alla gloria mia;
 Roma in trionfo non mi vedra:
 De ceppi altrui la scorno,
 Ufa non sono à tollerar.
 Arface non ti smarrir nel mio destino,
 Inspiri costanza a te l'esempio mio,
 S'ivo vissi in liberta fin, ora
 In liberta voglio morire ancora.

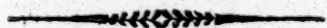
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RONDO.

NON temer fra pochi istanti,
Idol mio farò con te,
Portero, fra l' ombre amanti,
Il candor della mia fe.

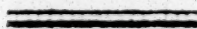
Godi pur tiranno, io moro,
Ma disprezzo i sdegni tuoi,
Piu m'affanna, O mio tesoro,
Di mia morte il tuo martir.

Ah! finisca con la vita,
Si penoso accerbo stato
Un oggetto sventurato,
Sol la calma ha nel morir.



SOLO, VIOLONCELLO.

By Lindley



MADRIGAL, FOR FIVE VOICES.

MISS TENNANT, MASTER ELLIOTT, MESSRS. NIELD, KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

FLORA gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure :
These I plac'd in Phillis' bowers,
She was pleas'd,—and she's my pleasure.
Smiling meadows seem to say—
' Come, ye wantons, here to play.'

FROM HANDEL'S ODE TO SAINT CECILIA.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED,—MADAME MARA.

BUT bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high'r:
When to the organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

AIR AND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
The crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

GRAND FINALE.

HARMONIZED BY SIR WILLIAM PARSONS, MUS. D.

COMPOSER TO
*HIS MAJESTY.**I.*

GOD save great George our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King:
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

II.

[STANZAS FROM THE LATE BIRTH-DAY ODE.]

God of our Fathers rise,
 And through the thund'ring skies,
 Thy vengeance urge ;
 In awful justice red,
 Be thy dread arrows sped,
 But guard our Monarch's head,
 God save great George !

III.

Still on our Albion smile,
 Still o'er this favour'd Isle
 O spread thy wing ;

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To make each Blessing sure,
To make our Fame endure,
To make our Rights secure,
God save our King!

IV.

To the loud Trumpet's throat,
To the shrill Clarion's note,
Now jocund sing;
From every open Foe,
From every Traitor's blow,
Virtue defends his brow,
God guards our King!

THE END.

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